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at 6 PM I arrived at CCH+C and as I was walking through Memorial Park the lights on the 3rd floor of CCH+C came on -- the crew was just beginning after their dinner session. I went up to 3rd floor + then went up to Pat Bender's house on Wyoming Street for the weekly "Carbondale Now" meeting. Pat and her two kids were there and no one else. No Palko, no Buddy + that made me mad. Why not? Either take the game seriously or don't play it at all. Pat and I concluded that we shall try for next week. In the meantime I will see Palko and Buddy + see what is up (if anything). I was back at City Hall by 7:15 PM. Ray was plastering in 302; Job + Paul + Jimmy worked on wiring + more sanding of the door (white oak) to 302. Jimmy is annoying me very much these days. He does not recognize me as the boss and that makes me mad. I play a secondary role to Job and I do so deliberately and by choice and Jimmy is not perceptive enough to realize that I have chosen to play second fiddle. Ray, of course, realizes that that is the case; Paul realizes that that is the case. I cleaned up the hall on the 3rd floor and also 304 and carried all the garbage out to the landing entre 2 + 3; that made me feel better. I will feel better when all of that garbage is carried out of the building. I shall have to ask Charlotte Mors to arrange a truck for the garbage/plaster/whatever to be carried away. We worked until about 10 PM -- Paul + Jimmy stopped at 9 PM; Ray + Job until about 10 PM. John, I believe, sensed that I was irritated with him/the crew/the monde. We are not making progress fast enough. We never make progress fast enough. I am not really annoyed at Job/the crew/the monde, I am annoyed at the city for allowing the City Hall to be as it is. I have